

APPENDIX

1 **In the midst of a garden** grew a rose-tree, in full blossom, and in the
2 prettiest of all the roses lived an elf. He was such a little wee thing, that no human
3 eye could see him. Behind each leaf of the rose he had a sleeping chamber. He
4 was as well formed and as beautiful as a little child could be, and had wings that
5 reached from his shoulders to his feet. Oh, what sweet fragrance there was in his
6 chambers! and how clean and beautiful were the walls! for they were the blushing
7 leaves of the rose.

8 **During the whole day** he enjoyed himself in the warm sunshine, flew from
9 flower to flower, and danced on the wings of the flying butterflies. Then he took it
10 into his head to measure how many steps he would have to go through the roads
11 and cross-roads that are on the leaf of a linden-tree. What we call the veins on a
12 leaf, he took for roads; ay, and very long roads they were for him; for before he
13 had half finished his task, **the sun went down:** he had commenced his work too
14 late. It became very cold, the dew fell, and the wind blew; so he thought the best
15 thing he could do would be to return home. He hurried himself as much as he
16 could; but he found the roses all closed up, and he could not get in; not a single
17 rose stood open. The poor little elf was very much frightened. He had never
18 before been out at night, but had always slumbered secretly behind the warm rose-
19 leaves. Oh, this would certainly be his death. **At the other end of the garden,** he
20 knew there was an arbor, overgrown with beautiful honey-suckles. The blossoms
21 looked like large painted horns; and he thought to himself, he would go and sleep
22 in one of these till the morning. He flew thither; but “hush!” two people were in
23 the arbor,—a handsome young man and a beautiful lady. They sat side by side,
24 and wished that they might never be obliged to part. They loved each other much
25 more than the best child can love its father and mother.

26 “But we must part,” said the young man; “your brother does not like our
27 engagement, and therefore he sends me so far away on business, over mountains
28 and seas. Farewell, my sweet bride; for so you are to me.”

29 And then they kissed each other, and the girl wept, and gave him a rose; but
30 before she did so, she pressed a kiss upon it so fervently that the flower opened.
31 Then the little elf flew in, and leaned his head on the delicate, fragrant walls. Here

32 he could plainly hear them say, "Farewell, farewell;" and he felt that the rose had
33 been placed on the young man's breast. Oh, how his heart did beat! The little elf
34 could not go to sleep, it thumped so loudly. The young man took it out **as he**
35 **walked through the dark wood alone,** and kissed the flower so often and so
36 violently, that the little elf was almost crushed. He could feel through the leaf how
37 hot the lips of the young man were, and the rose had opened, as if from the heat of
38 the noonday sun.

39 There came another man, who looked gloomy and wicked. He was the
40 wicked brother of the beautiful maiden. He drew out a sharp knife, and while the
41 other was kissing the rose, the wicked man stabbed him to death; then he cut off
42 his head, and buried it with the body in the soft earth under the linden-tree.

43 "Now he is gone, and will soon be forgotten," thought the wicked brother;
44 "he will never come back again. He was going on a long journey over mountains
45 and seas; it is easy for a man to lose his life in such a journey. My sister will
46 suppose he is dead; for he cannot come back, and she will not dare to question me
47 about him."

48 Then he scattered the dry leaves over the light earth with his foot, and went
49 home through the darkness; but he went not alone, as he thought,—the little elf
50 accompanied him. He sat in a dry rolled-up linden-leaf, which had fallen from the
51 tree on to the wicked man's head, as he was digging the grave. The hat was on the
52 head now, which made it very dark, and the little elf shuddered with fright and
53 indignation at the wicked deed.

54 **It was the dawn of morning** before the wicked man reached home; he took
55 off his hat, and went into his sister's room. There lay the beautiful, blooming girl,
56 dreaming of him whom she loved so, and who was now, she supposed, travelling
57 far away over mountain and sea. Her wicked brother stopped over her, and
58 laughed hideously, as fiends only can laugh. The dry leaf fell out of his hair upon
59 the counterpane; but he did not notice it, and went to get a little sleep during the
60 early morning hours. But the elf slipped out of the withered leaf, placed himself
61 by the ear of the sleeping girl, and told her, as in a dream, of the horrid murder;

62 described the place where her brother had slain her lover, and buried his body; and
63 told her of the linden-tree, in full blossom, that stood close by.

64 “That you may not think this is only a dream that I have told you,” he said,
65 “you will find on your bed a withered leaf.”

66 Then she awoke, and found it there. Oh, what bitter tears she shed! and she
67 could not open her heart to any one for relief.

68 **The window stood open the whole day,** and the little elf could easily have
69 reached the roses, or any of the flowers; but he could not find it in his heart to
70 leave one so afflicted. In the window stood a bush bearing monthly roses. He
71 seated himself in one of the flowers, and gazed on the poor girl. Her brother often
72 came into the room, and would be quite cheerful, in spite of his base conduct; so
73 she dare not say a word to him of her heart’s grief.

74 **As soon as night came on,** she slipped out of the house, and went into the
75 wood, to the spot where the linden-tree stood; and after removing the leaves from
76 the earth, she turned it up, and there found him who had been murdered. Oh, how
77 she wept and prayed that she also might die! Gladly would she have taken the
78 body home with her; but that was impossible; so she took up the poor head with
79 the closed eyes, kissed the cold lips, and shook the mould out of the beautiful hair.

80 “I will keep this,” said she; and as soon as she had covered the body again
81 with the earth and leaves, she took the head and a little sprig of jasmine that
82 bloomed in the wood, near the spot where he was buried, and carried them home
83 with her. **As soon as she was in her room,** she took the largest flower-pot she
84 could find, and in this she placed the head of the dead man, covered it up with
85 earth, and planted the twig of jasmine in it.

86 “Farewell, farewell,” whispered the little elf. He could not any longer
87 endure to witness all this agony of grief, he therefore flew away to his own rose in
88 the garden. But the rose was faded; only a few dry leaves still clung to the green
89 hedge behind it.

90 “Alas! how soon all that is good and beautiful passes away,” sighed the elf.

91 After a while he found another rose, which became his home, for among its
92 delicate fragrant leaves he could dwell in safety. **Every morning** he flew to the

93 window of the poor girl, and always found her weeping by the flower pot. The
94 bitter tears fell upon the jasmine twig, and each day, as she became paler and
95 paler, the sprig appeared to grow greener and fresher. One shoot after another
96 sprouted forth, and little white buds blossomed, which the poor girl fondly kissed.
97 But her wicked brother scolded her, and asked her if she was going mad. He could
98 not imagine why she was weeping over that flower-pot, and it annoyed him. He
99 did not know whose closed eyes were there, nor what red lips were fading beneath
100 the earth. And one day she sat and leaned her head against the flower-pot, and the
101 little elf of the rose found her asleep. Then he seated himself by her ear, talked to
102 her of that evening in the arbor, of the sweet perfume of the rose, and the loves of
103 the elves. Sweetly she dreamed, and while she dreamt, her life passed away
104 calmly and gently, and her spirit was with him whom she loved, in heaven. And
105 the jasmine opened its large white bells, and spread forth its sweet fragrance; it
106 had no other way of showing its grief for the dead. But the wicked brother
107 considered the beautiful blooming plant as his own property, left to him by his
108 sister, and he placed it in his sleeping room, close by his bed, for it was very
109 lovely in appearance, and the fragrance sweet and delightful. The little elf of the
110 rose followed it, and flew **from flower to flower,** telling each little spirit that
111 dwelt in them the story of the murdered young man, whose head now formed part
112 of the earth beneath them, and of the wicked brother and the poor sister. “We
113 know it,” said each little spirit in the flowers, “we know it, for have we not sprung
114 from the eyes and lips of the murdered one. We know it, we know it,” and the
115 flowers nodded with their heads in a peculiar manner. The elf of the rose could
116 not understand how they could rest so quietly in the matter, so he flew to the bees,
117 who were gathering honey, and told them of the wicked brother. And the bees told
118 it to their queen, who commanded that the next morning they should go and kill
119 the murderer. **But during the night,** the first after the sister’s death, while the
120 brother was sleeping in his bed, close to where he had placed the fragrant jasmine,
121 every flower cup opened, and invisibly the little spirits stole out, armed with
122 poisonous spears. They placed themselves by the ear of the sleeper, told him
123 dreadful dreams and then flew across his lips, and pricked his tongue with their

124 poisoned spears. "Now have we revenged the dead," said they, and flew back into
125 the white bells of the jasmine flowers. **When the morning came,** and as soon as
126 the window was opened, the rose elf, with the queen bee, and the whole swarm of
127 bees, rushed in to kill him. But he was already dead. People were standing round
128 the bed, and saying that the scent of the jasmine had killed him. Then the elf of the
129 rose understood the revenge of the flowers, and explained it to the queen bee, and
130 she, with the whole swarm, buzzed about the flower-pot. The bees could not be
131 driven away. Then a man took it up to remove it, and one of the bees stung him in
132 the hand, so that he let the flower-pot fall, and it was broken to pieces. Then every
133 one saw the whitened skull, and they knew the dead man in the bed was a
134 murderer. And the queen bee hummed in the air, and sang of the revenge of the
135 flowers, and of the elf of the rose and said that behind the smallest leaf dwells
136 One, who can discover evil deeds, and punish them also.